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of many hues, diffusing the softest, mellowest, dreamiest radiance. At ten o'clock the music commenced by Mr. Haner's playing Mr. Gottschalk's *Murmures Eoliens*. I hope I may be pardoned for here remarking the striking resemblance between Mr. Haner and his former master and beau ideal in Art, the heavenly Chevalier. The resemblance is truly remarkable, and it impresses all who have the pleasure of their acquaintance. Mr. Haner's figure is finer than the Chevalier's; he is taller and stronger: he has finer features, too, than our great pianist, but they are less mobile, lacking somewhat that divine expressiveness that is the great charm of Mr. Gottschalk's face. It is at the piano *surtout* that the likeness is most apparent; there his pose is like Gottschalk's; he has all his tricks in playing, and his wonderful art of using the pedals. I will send you the programme of this delightful evening:

1. *Murmures Eoliens*.....Gottschalk.
Mr. HANER.
2. *Fantaisie Rigoletto*.....Dunclaire.
MONS. DUNCLAIRE (violin/cello).
3. a *Prelude*.....Chopin.
b *Serenade*.....Mendelssohn.
Miss LAURA COLMACHE.
4. *Berceuse*.....Dunclaire.
MONS. DUNCLAIRE.
5. a *Polka*.....J. E. Haner.
b *Last Hope*.....Gottschalk.
"CECILIA."
6. *Waltz, d flat, op. 64*.....Chopin.
MONS. ALBERT LASSIME.
7. *Fugue*.....Hammel.
Mr. HANER.
8. *Melodies Hongrois—fantaisie*.
Miss LAURA COLMACHE.
9. *Ricardati*.....Gottschalk.
M. C. C—D.
10. *Spinnelied*.....Dunclaire.
MONS. DUNCLAIRE.
11. *Fantaisie impromptu, c sharp min.*,
Chopin.
"CECILIA."
12. *Addio*.....Africaine.
M. C. C—D.
13. *Duo Don Juan (two pianos)*...Lysberg.
MONS. LASSIME and Mr. HANER.

I have forgotten to insert in its appropriate place in this programme, a lovely reverie (unpublished) that Mr. Haner played, and which was another evidence of his musical inspiration. The theme is a tender, dreamy air, embellished by flying fairy cadenzas, which suggests to my mind a picture of a poet musing alone under the moonshine; he continues the tender strain of plaintive, ideal longings, gradually increasing in passion, until the reverie is broken by a burst of loud, jovial tones foreign to the poet's song. It is like two conflicting voices; the theme is the voice of the soul, in its highest, holiest mood, interrupted by the noise of the bustling, carousing world. I beg here to state that I have not the authority of the author for this analysis.

The violoncellist, Mons. Dunclaire, was from Pesth, that city which seems to send into the world so many talented musicians. This artist is well known in Paris, and although this was the first time that I had ever had the great pleasure of listening to his magnificent playing, I had been long familiar with his face in the shop windows, which some *spiritual* artist has depicted with an enormous head crowned with *cheveux à discretion*: the body is a violoncello, the right hand holds the bow and plays, and two slender feet turn a spinning-

wheel and rock a cradle—the baby song and spinnelied being his two pet compositions.

In addition to the above programme, there was a young actor, from Vienna, who recited with passionate earnestness Schiller's *Minstrel's Curse*. Then our own great tragedian, Mr. Bandmann, who is here for holiday recreation, contributed his part to this charming entertainment by first reciting, in a most chaste and impressive style, *The Gladiator*, from Byron's *Childe Harold*, and after this, Shylock's thrilling speech to Antonio. You will have seen by the English journals that Mr. Bandmann's engagement in London commences the 5th of February, under the most favorable auspices. The many friends of Mr. Bandmann in America will, I am sure, be delighted to know that although he has been scarcely eight months in London, he has won the friendship of some of England's most eminent men. Since he came to Paris I have seen very flattering letters to him from Tom Taylor, Lord Lytton, the eminent critic, Mr. Foster, and others.

With my festive experience only half told, I must close this letter to send by a dear, departing friend.

Au revoir,

CECILIA.

Hotel Britannique, Près la Madeleine.

OLE BULL IN THE WEST.

Ole Bull is still going on his triumphant career through the West. He meets with ovations everywhere; torchlight processions, deputations, and a perpetual surrounding of enthusiastic friends and admirers. He is loaded down with honors, and everywhere the people and the critics are overflowing with enthusiasm for his playing, which is conceded on all hands to be more passionate, more vigorous, and more artistic than before. His manners are so popular wherever he goes, he has a gentleman's heart, and how can he help himself? that he is universally called "that benign old man," a term which proves how highly he is esteemed. His success has fully justified our prognostications, and when the time comes, which is not yet, he will repeat his Western triumph in New York.

Madame Varian Hoffman seems to be second only to Ole Bull in popularity with the public. All she sings is redemanded with enthusiasm, and the people never seem tired of hearing her.

Ole Bull gave five concerts in Madison, Wis., with brilliant success. This week he is en route for Fort Wayne, giving concerts every night, and his next resting place it is expected will be Cincinnati.

DR. DOYLE AT IRVING HALL.

A new aspirant for honors, as a drollist (see Artemus Ward), will make his debut on Saturday, the 15th, at Irving Hall.

Dr. John T. Doyle, an Irishman all over, proposes to all the world, and the rest of mankind, an entertainment which he entitles "The Shamrock, or Chips from the Blarney Stone." From our personal knowledge of the doctor's funniness, and a recollection of putting our facial muscles sadly out of shape in laughing over his drolleries in private, we look forward to his sending away about as well pleased an audience at that date as ever has been got together in this village. There is certainly plenty of

room for any one who is *really* funny to make a great hit with the public, and we believe Dr. Doyle to be the man. His humor gushes out naturally and does not require pumping up, after the style of so many of the dreary, so-called comic lecturers of the day.

Dr. Doyle, who is also a skilful musician, and fine vocalist, will be assisted by Mr. Arthur Mathison, who is too well known in the musical and literary way to need further endorsement. We look forward to their joint efforts as calculated to make one of the jolliest evenings on record.

MEDELSSOHN'S OPINIONS OF CELEBRATED PAINTERS.—Extract from a letter dated Leipzig, 14th Sept., 1839, and written to a friend then visiting Florence:—"Dear —, I find what follows in my notes on the Portrait Gallery; tell me if my observations are correct: 'Here we can compare the head and its productions, the worth and the aspect of the worker, the portrait and the artist. Titian—powerful and royal; Domenico—neat, clear, judicious and sprightly; Guido—pale, distinguished, magisterial and peremptory; Lanfranc—a caricature; Leonello Spada—a braggart and a drunkard; Annibal Carraccio—unquiet and suspicious; Caravaggio—common-looking, cat-faced; Le Guercin—mincing, affected and melancholy; Bellini—red-haired, austere; Giorgione, chevaleresque—fantastic, luminous, yet calm; Leonardo da Vinci—a lion; Raphael—sickly, but heavenly; Michael Angelo—ugly, energetic and wicked; Carlo Dolci—a fop; Gerard Dow—an accessory to his own cooking utensils.' Look particularly at a small painting by Fra Bartolomeo, hardly so large as this sheet of paper, but deliciously painted; and then salute the busts of the Medici, who founded all this artistic wealth."

DARMSTADT.—Herr Pauer gave a concert on Saturday last, which was attended by the Princess Alice and all the members of the Court at present in Darmstadt. Herr Pauer performed several classical pieces, together with some of his own compositions. He was assisted vocally by Fraulein Anna Reiss, who sang some of the most popular *lieder* of the day. This charming and clever vocalist has been singing with extraordinary success at Berlin and Leipsic, and is announced to play Margarethe, at the Court Theatre, Darmstadt.

COLOGNE.—Mme. Clara Schumann and Herr Stockhausen appeared at the fifth Gurzenich Concert, when none but compositions by Beethoven were given. Among them were the Pianoforte Concerto in G major; "An die ferne Geliebte;" Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus and Orchestra; the Pastoral Symphony, &c.

WILL SHE MARRY?—Not a week passes but some journal announces the approaching marriage of Adelina Patti. The last rumor assigns her to the Marquis de Caux, who holds a post in the Emperor Napoleon's household. We have reason to believe that this betrothal has much the same foundation as other statements of the kind—namely, that the "Diva" is asked for her hand and heart, but persistently replies that she is *fiancée de l'Art* only.

ITALIAN OPERA, PARIS.—Nicolai's opera, *Il Templario*, and Verdi's *Giovanni d'Arco* are in rehearsal, and will be produced as soon as possible.